

Annie Price Carr

THE PRINCESS



DECEMBER, 1917

PUBLISHED
BY
QUEENS COLLEGE
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

:: THE PRINCESS ::

The Princess is published by the Pierian and Gamma Sigma Literary Societies, in an endeavor to create a literary spirit among the students of Queens College and to give expression to it.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 A YEAR.

Address all business correspondence to Elizabeth Hartman, 401 Louise Avenue, Charlotte, N. C.

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Christmas, 1917

WINIFRED POTTS

*Around once more the months have rolled,
The Christmas season draweth nigh;
And still Old War with horrors bold
Is shaking earth and rending sky.*

*Shall Mars with bitter, cruel hate
Of Justice, Freedom, Peace, and Right,
Dash out the Christmas Spirit great,
And crush it all by his lone might?*

*Nay, let our lads on foreign sod
Remember now with heart and will
Peace's greatest gift, the Son of God,
And keep the Christmas Spirit still!*



The Old-Clothes Man

ETHEL McDONALD

"Oh, girls," cried Cecily as she burst into the room where her three older sisters were gathered about an open fire, "Guess what I'm going to do."

The girls looked up with interest. Cecily was an interesting girl, and especially so when she was excited.

"We couldn't possibly guess," answered one of her sisters with enthusiasm, "But do tell us. I know it must be something ridiculous."

"Yes, do," chorused the other two.

"Well, it may be ridiculous to you," replied Cissy, indicating the group with a wave of her hand, "But I call it a splendid idea."

"We're listening, Cis," said Mary, the shrewdest of the four sisters.

"It's this way," began Cissy in a solemn voice, "I'm going to make some money, and a lot of it, too."

"How? How?" cried the other girls.

"Yes," continued Mary, "Mother won't be home for a week and Father's away for the night."

"Give me time to explain, please. I met Anne Wharton this afternoon and she told me how she made ten dollars. You remember the old Beacham house on Clark street, don't you? Well, an old man has moved into it. He buys old clothes and calls himself the Old-Clothes Man. After Anne told me about him, I went to see him, and—"

"Went to see him," cried Mary in dismay. "What on earth will Mother say?"

"Yes, and he has the queerest collection of old clothes and things, that I have even seen."

"Cissy, you didn't go alone?" broke in Mary again.

"No, Anne went with me. O, girls, please be quiet and let me finish! I must get the old clothes ready that I'm going to sell him."

"Sell him?" cried Sarah, the quiet and gentle member of her family. "Where is your family pride? Why, the very idea of selling old clothes to a tramp!"

"He isn't a tramp. He's a perfectly nice, poor, old gentleman that is trying to make an honest living. He speaks perfectly good English, too, and, Sarah Marleton, you said any one that spoke good English, I mean perfect English, was apt to be all right."

"He's probably an escaped convict or a safe-cracker hiding from the law," answered Sarah in disgust.

"Well, come on, girls; let's get supper. Cissy, if you get old clothes out of the store room where the silver is, be sure to lock the door. Mother would have a fit if any of Grandmother's silver was stolen. And, be sure you don't sell anything worth wearing," directed the eldest sister.

"Oh! There's the bell now. I know it is the Old-Clothes Man," cried Cissy with delight. "Oh, I do hope I'll make ten dollars."

The older girls were busy in the kitchen. They had no idea what Cissy was doing. She hastened to answer the door.

"Come in," she said to the Old-Clothes Man. "You will have to wait. But perhaps you would like to carry the clothes down stairs. Would you mind?"

"Oh! no," answered the man, very willingly. He presented a queer picture posing there as an old-clothes man. A careful observer could have seen from the peculiar look in his eyes that he was out of place. He would have reminded the keen observer of an actor.

"We shall first go to the store room," said Cissy, after admitting the man. "I think there are two bags of old clothing in there that Mother has been intending to burn."

"Old clothes should never be burned," voiced the man. "They often bring one luck."

"Oh, yes, in a case like this," answered Cissy.

She was leading him down the hall toward the store room. She took the key from its hiding place, under the carpet by the door. The Old-Clothes Man watched every move she made. When Cissy dropped the key into her pocket, the man cleared his throat.

They entered the room. The man took in every detail of the room, while Cissy found the desired old clothing. The man was all attention, however, when Cissy directed

him which bags of old clothing to carry to the porch. Cissy followed him.

"Now," she said, when he had placed the bags on the porch floor, "We shall go to my room."

The man followed her upstairs without a word. When they had reached the girl's room, Cissy opened a door showing a large closet. She opened an old trunk and pulled a sack of clothes from its depth.

"Here," she cried, "Take this, and we'll be through."

Cissy eagerly followed the man downstairs.

"Shall I make very much money?" asked Cissy.

"Well, I'll give you eleven dollars for the lot," he answered. In his mind he knew he was cheating the girl. He expected to get more from the house than she had given him.

"Oh! I'm so glad," cried Cissy as she took the money from him.

He thanked her and made off with his old clothes. Cissy ran to the kitchen where her sisters were getting supper.

"It's eleven," cried Cissy as she waved some greenbacks in the air where her sisters could see them.

"Where did you get it?" asked Mary.

"From the Old-Clothes Man, of course."

"But I didn't know he was coming tonight," said Katherine, who up to this time had taken little interest in the affair.

"No, Katherine, you never know anything until some one tells you, because you are interested in books and nothing else," retorted her sister.

"Let's have supper and get it over. I'm dreadfully tired and want to get to bed early," suggested Mary.

The girls prepared the table, and sat down to their evening meal. For the most part, they ate silently. Each was concerned with her own thoughts.

After finishing the meal, they cleared away the dishes. Then they returned to their places about the fire.

"Oh, I wish Father were here," said Cissy. "All of you are so dull, and I'm so sleepy I don't know what to do. Let's go to bed."

"All right," answered Katherine as she rose from her chair. "I haven't a thing to read."

The other girls seemed to be willing, for they rose and prepared for bed. Again they were quiet. Each girl went to the room where she was to sleep and hastily prepared for bed. It was not long until the house was in silence.

It was eleven-thirty when Cissy awoke with a start. She had been dreaming. But no, she had heard a noise. Some one was in the room.

"Katherine," she called softly, "Wake up. There's a burglar in the room."

"What's the matter?" asked Katherine sleepily, as she rubbed her eyes. Then she heard the sound of some one hurrying down the stairs.

"Mercy," she cried, "What shall we do?"

By this time Mary and Sarah had been awakened by the sound of the voices of the other two girls. They hurried into their room.

"What's the matter?" they asked at once.

"It's a burglar," answered Cissy. "I heard him and could see him a little;—I mean enough to know it was a man. He was there by the dresser."

Mary turned to look at the dresser. She turned in astonishment to the other girls.

"He was," she said anxiously. "Why, girls, your things have disappeared, your rings and all!"

"They're stolen! They're stolen!" cried Katherine.

At that moment Cissy grabbed her dress from a chair and rushed from the room. The other girls followed her quickly down the hall and on down stairs. Cissy met them at the foot of the stairs. She was starting upstairs.

"Where have you been?" asked Mary. "What have you been doing?"

"I just came down to lock the store room door," she answered. "I forgot it."

Cissy looked at Mary, and when she noticed the expression on her face she became frightened.

"Oh! Call the police! Call the police, Mary! Call him quick! Maybe they can get him yet," she cried over and over again.

Mary at the telephone could hardly hear for the noise she made.

"Hush, Cissy!" she commanded as she hung up the receiver. "They're coming in a minute."

As she spoke, the door bell rang loudly. Three policemen entered quickly.

"Where is he?" they asked in one voice.

"We don't know," wailed Cissy. "And it's all my fault. I let him in the house."

"You let him in. Who did you let in?" asked one of the policemen.

"The Old-Clothes Man," answered Cissy, frantically. "I'm sure it was he. But, I'm so glad I got the door locked in time."

"What door? Which door? Show us quickly!" cried the policemen.

Cissy led the way to the back of the hall.

"There," she said, pointing toward the store room door.

"Where is the key?" asked one of the policemen. "Did you say he was in here when you locked the door?"

"No," answered Cissy, as she handed the key to the policeman. But, I'm sure he must have been, for I heard a noise when I locked the door."

The policeman inserted a key in the lock and turned it. After opening the door, he stepped into the room. He was followed by one of the other policemen.

"I don't see any one," said the first policeman calmly. "He must have got away."

But just then some one dashed from a dark corner of the room. He ran by the policeman in the room to the door.

"Oh, no, young fellow," said the policeman, who had remained outside, as he blocked the doorway. "I've got you now."

The man struggled to get away, but was held fast. With the aid of the other policemen he was brought into the front hall. The policemen looked him over. He seemed a perfect stranger to them. Then one of the policemen cried, "Why, you're the fellow they want in Georgetown."

The prisoner grunted.

"And he's the Old-Clothes Man," cried Cissy. "I was sure it was he when I heard the noise in the store room, be-

cause no one else knew there was anything worth having in there."

"But, Cissy, he's never been in the store room before, has he?" asked Mary, excitedly.

"Yes," answered Cissy in a meek voice. "He carried the old clothes out to the porch for me." "Oh!" she cried frantically, "I wish I had never let him in."

"But I would have come anyhow," the burglar spoke for the first time. "I was going to make a raid tonight and leave on the early train tomorrow. But, it's all up now. They've been on my track a long time, but they've got me now. You'll get the reward, though, Miss."

"Is there a reward?" asked Cissy, breathlessly.

"There is, Miss," answered one of the policemen. "It's a large one, too. He's been hunted for years. But, we must go, and get this fellow to jail."

The policemen left the house with their captive. The girls stood as if they were glued to the floor. Katherine spoke first.

"Well," she said, as she turned toward Cissy, "You did make some money and a lot of it, too."

"Hush!" cried Cissy, hysterically. "I don't want any reward! I won't have any, either." And she fell fainting to the floor. Within a week she received a large check.

Hero Worship in 1917

RUTH McMICHAEL

Wordsworth exactly expressed the romantic impulses that are stirred in the hearts of young students by war and revolution, when, looking back to his own youth of the French Revolution, in after years, he said:

*"Bliss was it in that day to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."*

We, who are living in this age of war and unrest among the nations, experience many thrills as we read of the great heroes and of the unparalleled awakenings of our time. Students of today are richer than any past generations, because they are not only "heirs of all the ages," but these foremost ranks of time now present movements that put those of the past into the background. And there are wonderful opportunities for hero worship.

An admiration for heroes is essentially a part of human nature. It has ever been and always will remain a principal element in man. Whenever a great warrior, a strong personality, or an unusual character has appeared in the annals of history, there must necessarily have followed in his wake a host of hero worshippers. Childhood has its heroes, as one can discover from almost any child. Again, although the years may pass, "heart's loves remain;" so there is the grandfather who still has a warm enthusiasm for his Confederate colonel. All know from experience, as well as observation, how apt the romantic minded student, endowed with youth and enthusiasm, is to indulge in hero worship.

Now, there are several kinds of hero worship. We are most familiar with it as it centers about the historical heroes, the records of whose lives Carlyle calls the true composition of history. Many a youth has chosen one of these figures as the model of his life, and today, each student of history has, perhaps unconsciously, one or more of these romantic characters enthroned in his or her heart. Closely akin to this type is the worship of fictional heroes. Very few people can do any considerable amount of reading, without being im-

pressed by certain creations of the author's mind, those additions of the poet to the sum of existences.

There are, also, two other ways in which hero worship expresses itself. One is very modern, belonging only to our age. That is the propensity of the mature, as well as of the young person, to choose favorites from the motion picture stars, or the matinee idols. Take the well known Wallace Reid, for instance; in him are found the qualities that appeal to a certain class of the hero worshipper; he is a sort of fictional hero. Douglas Fairbanks and Henry Walthall represent still other types that some people prefer. In this connection the heroines may be mentioned, likewise, for they receive even more attention than the men. Many see their ideal girl in "Little Mary" Pickford, or in mischievous Marguerite Clark, and many are the contests over their relative abilities and merits. Other examples of admiration for heroines are furnished in the followers of Billie Burke and Mae Marsh. Since such favoritism is common now, it seems imperative that it be included in this discussion.

The chief kind of hero worship in 1917, however, centers about men who are living in the serious world today, gaining fame and making history. Of these, doubtless the one who most appeals to the young hero worshipper is the Russian, Alexander Kerensky. Many articles have been written about this "Man of the Hour," but it is a difficult task to judge a living man. So it is from the viewpoint of the student, who has read about him, and who sees in him the qualities of a hero, that he will be considered here.

There are many reasons why Kerensky appeals to young hero worshippers. One of the most important of these is his youth. He is only thirty-seven years old, and, yet, he has held a position that a much older man would find difficulty in doing justice to. He has already achieved fame and aroused the interest of men everywhere. He has been through suffering and experience to fill a lifetime, and is only in the flower of his manhood. Studying his picture, one is impressed by his youth first and then the melancholy of his face.

One other striking thing about Kerensky, and one which makes a strong appeal to youth, is his meteoric rise to public

notice and power. One week before the Revolution he was entirely unknown to the world. After the overthrow of the Czar, his name was not only on every Russian tongue, but he soon became one of the most interesting figures before the eyes of the universe. From obscurity he leaped suddenly into the light of fame. History records no rise more swift or more sensational.

In traits of character, also, does Kerensky appear a heroic figure. He is absolutely brave and fearless. During the period of the riotous upheaval in Petrograd, he risked everything for his convictions; when he went on the streets, his life was in constant danger. He has shown his courage in battle, too; for he led his soldiers in attacks on German trenches, and was once offered a cross of honor, which he refused. Since the outbreak of the Revolution his life has been one of continual bravery.

Moreover, Kerensky is full of enthusiasm. He has put the very best of himself—every atom of strength—into his work for his country. He has entered heartily into every new duty that he has assumed, and has never allowed despair to get the best of him. His enthusiasm for democracy was so contagious that his countrymen caught it, and were borne onward on the waves of the Revolution. This "Man of the Hour" never feels calmly about a thing; he seems to possess an almost fanatic fervor. This attribute cannot fail to appeal to youth.

Still another heroic trait in Kerensky is his magnanimity. It was he who put the respect of justice into the Revolution. He made himself responsible for the safety of the royal family. He has saved many a man from the angry mob. This quality in a man always receives admiration.

Again, Kerensky has an indomitable will, which causes everyone to bow before it. An incredible example of this trait of character is found in the well-known story of how his mind dominated a refractory soldier, so that the man fell over in a swoon. During the hardest days of his Premiership, when he had more work than his weak shoulders could bear, it was his will power that kept him going. Every one of these characteristics shows that Kerensky is a hero.

In addition to character, the personality of this man ap-

peals to the hero worshipper. It is so sincere and earnest and passionate a thing that it is a wonder it has not long ago sapped all his vitality. Friends say that no one can approach him without being completely fascinated by something about him. This forceful personality has been developed by the Revolution.

Fiinally, the student chooses this unusual figure as a hero on account of his impassioned oratory. Like Lloyd George, he speaks with an emotion that becomes a swelling tide of passion. It has been said that he lacks the brilliancy of imagery, the poetry, the vision of "England's Demi-god," but he has a personal appeal that is almost irresistible. He makes every speech seem directed to every individual in the audience. What he says is convincing, because it is sincere. It is said that he can move even the most hardened person by the wizardry of his speech. Because of his powerful oratory, then, does he stir the imagination of youth.

Therefore Kerensky is a good example of a hero of 1917. He has the qualities that appeal to the hero worshipper—youth, enthusiasm, courage, ability, will power, magnanimity, and personality. He is of great interest to everyone, but especially to the young student, who, on looking back in later years, will echo Wordsworth's words.

Winter

M. W. P.

*'Tis not the Spring when swelling buds,
When leaves of green,
And blooms are seen
In gardens, fields, and deepest woods,
When earth is blest by sunshine warm,
That holds me with a wondrous charm.*

*Nor Summer Time when skies are blue,
When fruits are found,
And joys abound,
In June, July, and August too,
When gardens are a lovely sight,
That thrills me with its beauty bright.*

*Nor Fall when twilight cometh soon,
Pumpkins mellow,
Cornfields yellow
Rest in rays of the harvest moon,
When fade summer leaves and flowers,—
Can charm me with its saddened powers.*

*But Winter when the wind storms sound
And snow flakes fly
From lofty sky
On every field and wood and ground;—
In truth, this is of all the year
The season that I hold most dear!*

The Holy Rollers' Convert

HELEN JOHNSON

Rastus opened the door of the little cabin cautiously and peeped in. All was quiet inside, the fire leaped merrily in the grate, making grotesque shadows out of all the objects in the room.

"Mirandy, Mirandy, you there?" he called in a hoarse stage whisper. No answer came from the little room. So Mr. Rastus Billings Washington stepped into the room with an air of relief.

"You'd better not be," he threatened menacingly. And crossing the room, he took off his coat and shoes, drew up a low chair to the fire, stretched himself in it, and settled down to contented meditation, talking to himself:

"Naw Suh! you don' come gettin' me foh to change my religion for nobody, much-en less Mirandy Washington. Humph! Don't de Bible done tell you the Baptists is de chosen lot o' Israel? You don' read no whar bout-en no John the Presbyterian, nor John the Methodist. No, Sah! it's write here plain *John the Baptist*."

"Mirandy's the upitest Anglo-Saxon nigger I ever seed, since she done jine dem Holy Rollers. But she just might-en as well leave me and me religious connections alone. Like as not it'll be midnight 'fore she rolls her fool self to death, and they send for me to carry her home. Poor nigger, I hope she's in her right path, but I done speck she aint."

And so the old darky went on calling on the Lord at certain intervals to help him save "po' Mirandy's rollin' soul."

The wind whistled as it hurried round the dark little cabin, making weird noises in the chimney, and rattling the windows and door. Suddenly, Rastus was horrified to see appear in the room, a shining apparition, clothed in gold and silver robes, all covered in jewels. On his head was two horns surmounted with golden daggers, and in his hand a huge sword, so sharp that the end was just a shining light. Rastus turned and saw the apparition. His face took on as sickly pallor as his ink-black countenance would permit, his

eyes bulged from his head, his mouth opened, and he fell writhing in terror on the floor, praying fervently.

A voice broke the silence—deep, stern and penetrating: “Rastus Washington, your name has come before the almighty throne as a disturber of one of the most high rollers’ peace. What have you to say?”

Currents of thought were rushing pell mell through Rastus’ head. C’ose Mirandy was right, she alwuz was. And he wuz a-goin’ to jine them Holy Rollers all in good time. But now, Oh Lawdy! Well, Mirandy had warned him. He expected every minute to be his last, but to save his life he could not speak. He raised his head and threw up his hands. But too late, the sword was already descending.

He uttered one loud and terrifying scream, sprang to his feet,—and awoke!

A Note of Thanks

NELL EFIRD

*I wonder if your ears have burned,
If not, I can't see why;
I've talked about you constantly,—
And dreamed about you—my!*

*'Tis not because it's costly tho',
Nor that its need was most,
That of all gifts that Santa brought
It is of this I boast.*

*In fact, I can't just speak them out,—
Words of appreciation;
I've thought until I'm quite worn down
With so much meditation.*

*Therefore, I think the only thing
That I should really do
Is just to say, "I love you, dear,"
(Yes, 'tis old, but then it's true!)*

Missing Jewels

LAVINIA BOYER.

"You aint been used to workin' in the country!" the farmer asked as he surveyed the stylishly dressed city man. His face and hands, his tailor-made suit, expensive tie, new tan oxfords, and silk socks,—nothing escaped the searching eyes of the farmer. "He wont stay long," he thought.

"What made you come out in the country to get work? A fellow like you ought to stay in the city in one of them offices. Don't you know how hard you got to work on a farm? You wanted to work in the fresh air? Well, you'll get plenty of it from four till six." As he seemed to desire the work, the young man was accepted and installed in one of the attic rooms, for the second floor was portioned off for the family and summer boarders.

One of these boarders was a fat, rosy German woman, a Mrs. Von der Schlochen, who came every summer because farm-life reminded her so much of her own childhood in Prussia.

It was Sunday afternoon, and George, the "new hand from the city," was sitting at his attic window playing the mandolin, when he heard voices on the porch below.

"That's going to be a big reception over to the Summer-ville's," one voice ventured.

And George recognized in the other the high treble of the German woman. "Ja, und I haf wrote to mine Hans to send to me mine diamondt necklace und mine odher jewels to wear, and it iss now dhey oudt in der station to be."

A third voice chimed in, "Governor Edwards is coming for the party, and is going to stay awhile. My! how times have livened up a bit."

A peculiar look flitted across George's face, the low sound of the mandolin ceased, and it was not long before Rena, the hopeful daughter of the house, noticed that he was going out for a walk, alone.

The jewels were not in the station Monday, and when after a week's time, they had not been seen or heard of, Mrs. Von der Schlochen began to investigate. She recalled

that the only people to whom she had mentioned the jewels were the other two boarders. They could never have stolen them. George always brought the mail. But how should he know anything about them? Oh! she remembered the mandolin music above her when she was telling the others about the jewels. Then soon afterwards she had seen him walking down the road towards the station. She reported her suspicions to her landlady, and George was questioned about it.

He denied having taken the valuables, but admitted having overheard the conversation on the porch and having stopped at the station. A search of his room revealed a pawnbroker's catalogue. The jewels were worth thousands, and the evidence was so strong against him that he was arrested and held until word could be received from Mr. Von der Schlochen.

But Mr. Hans Von der Schlochen, knowing that he would be suspected in a short while for doing spy work for the German government, had landed in Africa. Detectives were searching for him.

Several mornings after George was arrested, Mrs. Von der Schlochen had just read in the morning paper that her husband was suspected by the police for being a German spy and was lamenting the fact to her landlady, who looked at her peculiarly.

"To dink dhat dhey mine Hans do dhake for a spy. Ahh, it iss glad I am dhat he in Africa iss. Now I know vy it iss I of him haf got no letter. Mine Hans vas in too big a hurry. Ach! Meester Friar, und vhat news haf you?"

"Good-morning, Mrs. Von der Schlochen," her lawyer replied. "The parcel post have wired that they have no record of insuring or registering your jewels." He allowed Mrs. Von der Schlochen only time enough to ejaculate "Ach," and hastened to add, "And here's a special delivery letter from Mr. A. T. Tell, a pawnbroken in Jersey City, who says that your husband sold such and such jewels answering to the description you gave me of your jewels, ten days ago. Here he describes them. You can catch the 12:14 train and see if they are yours. Here's his address. You have an hour and two minutes until train time."

Mrs. Von der Schlochen caught the train for Jersey City and in a short while had identified the jewels as her own, much to her astonishment, for she could not see "vy Hans her jewels haf soldt und not a word to her had sent aboutt them."

All of the farm hands who could get off from their work were loitering around the jail on Saturday morning to see "the new hand from the city" get released, and to stare at him and ask him numberless questions. But their eyes nearly popped out of their heads, and their mouths stood open so long with astonishment that a bumble bee ventured into one of them, when they saw George come out of the jail door accompanied by a familiar, tall, commanding figure with silver hair.

"Well, son, that was useful information you sent me by that freight engineer that Sunday," the Governor proudly remarked. "I hope they get that fellow Von der Schlochen. He's a slick one. Hardly anybody suspected him until he was found missing."

"Yes, I didn't know whether that message would help you any or not, but I thought I'd send it," George replied, "and they used that stopping of mine at the station against me. I don't know how that pawn broker's magazine got there. I must have picked it up with those other books."

The door to the shiny Packard slammed, and the machine was soon lost to sight in the traffic of the crowded street.

"Another If"

ELIZABETH MCCLUNG.

*Oh, if I were only a man,
Then I'd wear a suit of tan;
Soon I'd get o'er to Germany,
And what I'd do there you would see:
I'd get hold of old Kaiser Bill,—
Yes sir ree, he would get his fill;
I'd tie him tight against a tree
And fix his eyes so he'd never see.
If he should call aloud for "Zep,"
Then I would show my real pep:
I'd hang him high by both his feet;
Sure then, I'd turn on all the heat:
When he began to kick and squirm,
I'd look at him most monstrous firm,
And just this I would say to William,
Regardless of his hundred billion:
"You have started all these war dances
Just to suit your own old fancies;
But I'll give you to understand
That we have come to take a hand,
And you'll find yourself in this here jam
Until you have settled with your Uncle Sam."*

The Awakening

GLADYS VOSS

Gastle Garden, a well known society school for girls, is situated in the beautiful mountains of New England. It commands a most wonderful view of all the surrounding country. Many travelers go there just for the scenery. In the winter time about three hundred girls are there in school. It was to this beautiful and well known old college that Betty Lancaster had been sent to receive her education.

Betty Lancaster was a pretty little blonde of about eighteen years. Her expressive big blue eyes seemed to draw one to her. Every one was attracted by her unusual beauty, and her sunny care-free disposition. Her room-mate and best chum, Margaret Louise Yorke, was a handsome brunette of about the same age. She was a striking contrast to Betty in disposition as well as in looks. Margaret Louise was more serious minded than Betty; she was sometimes even grave. Notwithstanding the differences in the two, they became steadfast and devoted friends. Perhaps the old saying that opposites attract, applies here.

It was only about twenty days until the Christmas holidays would begin. Christmas spirit was already flooding Castle Garden. In the halls one might hear groups of girls planning their trips home; some were planning dances and parties of various kinds; some were planning new evening dresses; and still others were designing Christmas presents. It was almost impossible for one to study while such delightful things were being planned. Betty was thinking of the wonderful things she would have and do when she went home, but Margaret Louise was planning quite a different Christmas. She had written her father that she did not want him or her mother to give her any presents this year; instead she wanted to sacrifice that and give that amount of money to the Students' Friendship War Fund. Only a few days ago she had had a message that her only brother, Charles, had gone to France; since then she had been unusually grave. The nearer the time came for leaving school the harder it was to wait.

Into Betty Lancaster's New York home the Christmas spirit had entered too. The servants were putting up Christmas decorations all over the house. In the kitchen cakes were being made. In fact, every one seemed to be putting forth every effort in the Christmas preparation. And most of all, as their old servant whom they had brought with them from their former Southern home, expressed it, "We're a getting ready for Miss Betty, who's a coming home from boarding school to spend Christmas with us." The Lancaster home was handsome at all times, but never had it been more beautiful than at the present time. The Christmas bells, the holly, the mistletoe, and the various other decorations made it unusually pretty and attractive.

Mrs. Lancaster had been planning dances she hoped to give for Betty during the holidays. She was also designing her clothes. Her only thought seemed to be of Betty. Mr. Lancaster too was thinking of Betty; he was thinking of the handsome lavalliere he was going to give her.

It was into these plans and preparations that Ralph, Betty's stalwart twenty-one-year-old brother, came with the startling news that he had been ordered to France within the next three or four days. Mrs. Lancaster was so shocked by this fact that for a time she even forgot the existence of Betty. It was finally decided that Betty was not to know until she came home.

At length the time came, and Betty started on her way to New York. After a very tiresome trip, she arrived home. She was delighted with the pretty decorations, and as happy as school girls always are on their arrival home for the holidays. In spite of all her happiness, Betty felt that something was wrong, for her mother and father seemed unusually sad.

The next day Ralph came home to see his sister and to bid them all good-bye. It was then that Betty understood the sad expression on her mother's face. For the first time too she was able to conceive of the seriousness of Margaret Louise when Charles had gone to France. It was almost impossible for Betty, who had never had a care, to realize that her brother, too, would be leaving for "Somewhere in France."

The war had been a sort of far-off thing to her—something going on in Europe—something wearing a romantic glamor. She was looking forward to so many delightful dances with young officers.

That night Betty Lancaster did not close her pretty eyes until long after the mid-night hour. The next morning she awoke very early. At first she could not recall the events of the preceeding day, and then suddenly she remembered that perhaps her brother was leaving for "Somewhere in France," and that perhaps he would not return. Oh, what a terrible awakening it was!

Betty was very silent and thoughtful all day. The dance had not been mentioned. The decorations seemed to mock her in her grief. She wished that she might run away from all of it. She could not bare even to think of Laura Martin's dance. How utterly miserable she was! That night was as sleepless for Betty as the one before had been.

Very strange were the thoughts which passed through her mind that night. She decided to give up the new clothes her mother had planned to give her. She would not give one single dance or party or even go to any. She would ask her father to give her the amount of money he had expected to put into her gift, and she would gladly give it to the "Students' Friendship War Fund," or to some other good cause. She decided to send some Christmas parcels to the soldiers; and she would pay some visits to some of the homes which were less able to spare brothers and husbands than her's was. There would be great comfort in that. She would love so much to do those things too. She would tell her father of her plans at breakfast in the morning; so, she fell asleep.

The next morning Betty was the first to appear in the dining room. Soon her father came in, much surprised to see his daughter there so early. Betty kissed him, and before Mrs. Lancaster appeared, she had told him of her intentions. Mr. Lancaster smiled fondly at his pretty daughter, and gave his hearty consent to all of her suggestions.

The next few days found Betty happily engaged in doing up the Christmas parcels for the soldiers, in helping to fix Ralph's Christmas box, and in the purchasing of gifts for the slum children.

Christmas morning Betty was the first to get up. Before very long she was dressed in a big white coat, her white furs, and a small white hat. And soon she was driving away with a sleigh full of toys, fruit, and good things to eat for a poor family who lived in a back street which she had once driven by. The ground was covered with snow. It was just an ideal Christmas day.

Betty had never been quite so happy as she was just now, while she was distributing her goods among the poor, thus bringing Christmas cheer and happiness into the hearts of some people, who otherwise would not have received anything. Betty spent Christmas evening with her father and mother. She played and sang their favorite songs. At first there was regret that Ralph was on his way to France; and then there came a sort of serious joy that her brother was able to serve so great a cause and that her fireside would be represented over there. At the end of the day Betty had passed her happiest Christmas, and yet how different it had been from the one she had planned.

When the day for Betty's return to Castle Garden came, she was by no means the same care-free little girl which she had been two weeks before, when she had come home full of the great anticipation of a good time. She was now more serious minded and looked upon life in quite a different way. She had been made to realize the wonderful opportunities for every young woman to help win this war.

She seemed to those of her friends who knew her best entirely transformed from a pretty little care-free society girl into a lovely unselfish college girl, who realized that there were more wonderful things in life than dances, parties or any other amusements of that kind. No one was able to understand the change which had so quickly taken place in Betty Lancaster. But is there any doubt that the change was due to Betty's awakening to the fact that she too had a serious part to play on the stage of the world in the drama of life?

Editorials

SUPPORT THE PRINCESS.

In one respect the year 1917-'18 is an opportune time to begin the publication of a college magazine. Surely the fact that we are living in history should arouse in us a real desire for greater effort of all kinds. We must think more this year than ever before. Of course we do not expect to put *The Atlantic Monthly* and other publications of its kind out of business, but we do hope to have good reading come out in our magazine, and at any rate it will be our own production.

There are, however, certain conditions which, in a time like this, necessarily hinder the finances of such an undertaking. Many firms are not doing extensive advertising, and many people are practicing rigid economy; therefore, advertisers and subscribers are not as plentiful as they should be. For this reason we ask the entire student body to support the magazine by giving us subscriptions.

Because of the scarcity of upper-classmen, we urge all students, in whom there is any literary ability, to contribute their best efforts. We are confident that every loyal Queens girl will do what we ask. If she is unable to add to its pages, she can do her part by boosting it in every way possible.

Not only is it the present duty of the college girl to support *The Princess*, but it is your privilege, Alumnae, to give us your support. We hope to make this magazine an organ through which the students of Queens may be given an opportunity for expression, and through which the alumnae may be kept in touch with their Alma Mater. Because you as former students of this institution have an abiding interest here, we are sure of hearty support and encouragement from you in our new undertaking.

We ask you, students and alumnae, to support *The Princess*, as it takes its place for the first time among college periodicals. Write for it! Subscribe for it! Or if you can-

not do these things, at least read its articles, laugh at its jokes! Boost it!

OUR BIT.

We, as students of Queens College, have recently had some opportunities for doing a part in the great war crisis. Since we cannot go to the front as our brothers are doing and offer our lives for our country, it is the duty and privilege of each of us to do all she can by taking part in the various phases of the work at home. It is gratifying to know how much our students have done and are doing in their zealous desire to be of service.

The entire boarding department by unanimous vote decided to ask the home department of the college to observe one wheatless and one meatless day each week. A paper, drawn up and signed by each student and member of the faculty, was filed in the library as an historical document. Not only can every girl serve America by cheerfully and gladly accepting whatever substitutes for these foods are offered, but she can carry it a step further by eliminating all waste at the table. The amount one girl can save may seem small, but when this is multiplied by a hundred or more girls, it becomes a real help in the conservation of food.

When the call came to the nation for the purchase of Liberty Bonds, it also found the Queens girls ready. While we could not vie with Henry Ford in the number of bonds purchased, we responded immediately. A bond was bought, which, together with the excess subscription, was presented to the College Library. Our purpose in the matter was not primarily to help the library, but to contribute according to our ability to the great campaign.

Again, during the canvas among college men and women for money for the Students' Friendship War Fund, our students have raised a fund which is not unworthy of our number.

We have organized a branch of the Patriotic League, promoted by the Junior War Work Council of New York City. Most of the students have availed themselves of the opportunity of joining this league, thereby pledging to ex-

press their patriotism, by doing better than ever before whatever work they have to do, by rendering some definite service, and by keeping their standards and ideals high. In the way of definite service, the members of the league are knitting sweaters and making comfort bags for the soldiers in camp.

We do not recall these things in a vain glorious attitude of boasting of our accomplishments, or in the spirit of letting the left hand know of the deeds of the right hand. We have not yet known genuine sacrifice; we still enjoy the greatest privileges of youth—those attendant on college years; and are thus far altogether sheltered from the suffering of so many of our fellow creatures. We believe, though, that the spirit of our Alma Mater will be unchanging, and that the greater opportunities, and the greater call for sacrificing will not find us wanting.

THE CAMP.

Were we not thrilled when we first heard that a camp was to be located near Charlotte? Probably we thought we should see cavalry dashing around the streets or aeroplanes buzzing over our heads. Although we do not see these things, we find there are many educational advantages attached to the camp.

Think of the short time in which so much has been accomplished! The engineering of this work alone is wonderful. We see streets laid off and buildings erected where a few months ago there were fields of cotton. Also the base hospital with all of its modern equipment for the treatment of the sick is a most interesting feature. If we should make a thorough observation of this camp, we would learn much there which is not to be found in books.

Locals

DAVIDSON-CLEMSON GAME.

In spite of the inclement weather, the football game between Davidson and Clemson was witnessed and enjoyed by a number of "queens." The game was exciting from start to finish, and good work was done on both sides. Davidson, however, with her skillful players, overpowered Clemson.

THE RECEPTION.

The most pleasant social event of this year was the reception given by the school to the football teams of Davidson and Clemson. The reception hall was attractively decorated in red and black, the Davidson colors while the society halls were artistically decorated in their own colors. Delightful punch was served. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and all too soon it was over.

THE SOCIETIES.

The Pierian and Gamma Sigma Literary Societies have begun a very promising year. A number of new members have been added to both, and the prospects for some good work are bright. The literary programmes have been very good, and it is planned to make these programmes in the future very helpful and instructive.

THE CONCERT.

An enjoyable concert was given in the auditorium of Queens College on the evening of November 30, complimentary to the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly. The selections which were artistically rendered were instructive and pleasing. The audience was charmed by this delightful treat.

• Editor's Table •

With this issue of *The Princess*, we hope to find a place for ourselves amid the college publications of the year. We wish to have a very free and helpful intercourse with them, and urge them all to become regular visitors to our table.

Since this is the first appearance of our magazine, we are very desirous of having our friends give us frank estimates of our first effort, and assure them that any reviews on their part, will be received in an appreciative spirit. We look forward with pleasure to reviewing them.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of *The Radiant*, and *The State Normal Magazine*, both attractive and interesting numbers, which have already found their way to our table; and we hope that they, with others, will come again.

Queens Jester

The Freshman class was discussing the short story when an innocent member piped up: "I've seen Mark Twain advertised a lot of times. Is that one of O. Henry's stories?"

Madam Cabel, in speaking of the little Savoyard in *Les Miserables* throwing his coin up in the air, described his action as the same as the American throwing jack rocks. Madame: "I forget what it is called in France, but it's some kind of bones."

"Trombones," suggested a Freshman on the back row.

Laurie: "Your cousin is on the college football team, isn't he?"

Margaret: "Yes, indeed."

Laurie: "What position does he play?"

Margaret: "I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."

Annie Leak was speaking of her pious ancestors when someone asked: "And why are you an Episcopalian?"

Annie Leak promptly replied: "Because all my descendants were."

Science teacher: "What is gravitation?"

First girl: "It's the altitude of land above the sea-level."

Second girl: "No, it's not. It's something that plants feed upon."

V. J.: "Say, what in the world is this the English teacher has written at the top of my theme?"

After pondering and meditating, considering it from all sides and angles, passing it from one to another, finally by the aid of a microscope from the lab. the girls decided that the puzzling sentence was, "Your penmanship needs improvement."

M.: "Virginia Morrison's soldier friend does not believe in entire prohibition."

A.: "How's that?"

M.: "He, said, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'".

A Junior was recently heard to remark: "Yes, he was inflected with a disease."

First Girl: "My brother had over fifty thousand men under him."

Second Girl: "He must have been a great general."

First Girl: "No, he was in an aeroplane."

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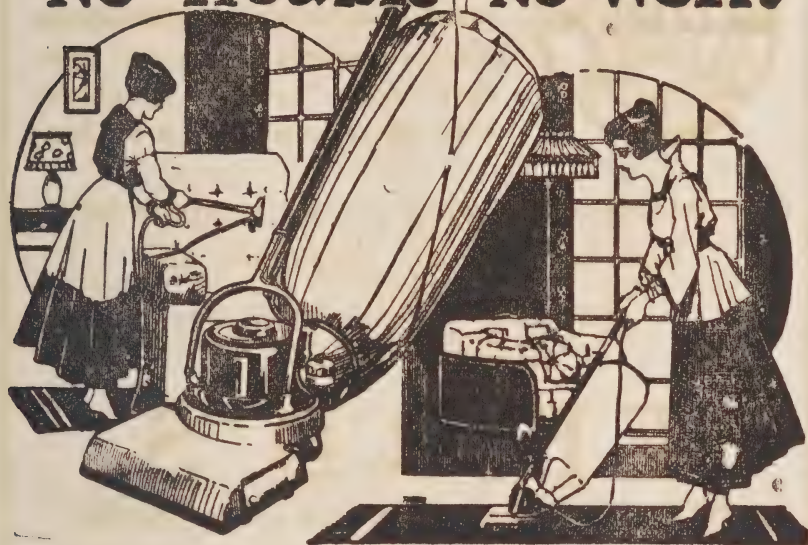
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